

Glosa

*Soon little fire
you will live here:
lights and sirens
sky trains, automatic banks.*
—Gillian Jerome, “Firstborn”

The noise out here is seething:
full of exhaust pipes
and drunks in the streets,
3D drive-thru peep-shows—
buy one get one free. We get up early
not to see the sunrise, anymore
but to run for the bus,
to sling burritos
and hammer nails.
Soon little fire

you will see
the parking lots
and sweat shops
and hormone-heavy
chickens, breasts hefty;
the round bellies of hunger,
the scars: clearcuts, pipelines, satellites.
Take stock in the waves and pulses
that lull you, coiled inside—
you will live here:

in the midst of this.
Wrestle with it.
Build your armory on questions.
Befriend an army of trees. Listen—
You burn stronger in me
than this funeral pyre.
It takes a mountain,
my son, not to be
consumed by the
lights and sirens

of this
environment.
I long to bathe you in a river,
lie down with you in tall grass,
paint you with red ochre,
kiss every last fingertip—
perform noiseless rituals
that are not ours,
away from the
sky trains, automatic banks.